

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1914

NUMBER 34



GATHERING FLOWERS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Memorial Day.

NOT costly domes, nor marble towers,
Shall mark where friendship comes to
weep;
Let clustering vines and fragrant flowers
Tell where the nation's heroes sleep.

They rest in many a shaded vale,
By and beneath the sounding sea;
The forest winds their requiem wail,
The glorious sons of liberty!

They merit all our hearts can give;
Our praises and our love they claim;
Long shall their precious names survive,
Held sacred by immortal fame.

Blest be the land for which they fought,—
The land where Freedom's banners wave;
The land by blood and treasure bought,
Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

A Friend by the Way.

BY ARTHUR W. PEACH.

BOYS, finish up your work, see that everything's shipshape, than take Jip, and follow us," Mr. Wells said to his sons, Fred and Milton, as he drove out of the yard with the rest of his family.

"Let's hustle, Fred," said Milton. "We want to be on time for the fun."

Lakewood had arranged the biggest Memorial Day celebration in its history, and people for miles around were planning to attend. Besides the regular features such as the parade, the music, and the baseball game played for the benefit of the Veteran's Fund, the famous Governor of the State was to be there for the afternoon meeting.

Fred and Milton, while they were eager to see everything else, were very anxious to see the Governor, who was known the country over. Their father, who had met him at the Capitol, had promised to introduce them to him; and the boys knew that such an honor would make them envied by the boys of the neighborhood.

Soon their work was finished, Jip was

About two miles from their home Jeremy Lane, a veteran, and his wife lived in a small cottage. Milton thought of them, and smiled as he remembered with what delight the old soldier hailed Memorial Day—in fact, the memories of the great day made bright the whole year for Jeremy.

It was the custom of the Lakewood Memorial Committee to send carriages or automobiles for the veterans who lived outside the village if they had no way to get in to the exercises. So Milton, knowing that it was late for any one to start for Lakewood unless with a fast horse like Jip, was astonished to see Jeremy's bent figure at the gate of the cottage.

"Why, Fred, I wonder if they've forgotten Jeremy!" Milton exclaimed.

"Shouldn't wonder," Fred answered carelessly. "They've got a good many things to think of in Lakewood, and some one slipped up, probably."

"It's a shame if they have!" Milton said. "Stop a moment, let's see!"

Jeremy stood nearer the gate as they drove up; his blue uniform was faded, but it was spick and span; from under the old slouched hat his white hair curled. Behind him his wife was seated, dressed in her best black gown, her face anxious and worried. Near her was a great basket of old-fashioned flowers.

"What's the matter, Jeremy?" Milton called; though with a sudden sinking of his spirits, he guessed the reason.

The old man cleared his throat, but he could not stop the husky note from creeping into his voice. "I—I—guess they've forgotten me, lad," he said hesitatingly.

Only the strong manhood in the old man's heart kept the tears back. Milton knew what it meant to him to go. He had been

looking forward to meeting his old friends, talking over the old days; and now he was to be disappointed.

Jip was restless and so was his driver; but as Fred started the horse, Milton told him to wait. Milton was thinking. Some way or other he wanted to get the old soldier to the celebration, but how to do it he did not just see. Long ago, their neighbors down the road had driven by; no help could be expected from any who lived near them.

Milton saw in the faded eyes hope slowly dying; he saw the old soldier turn back to his wife and touch her shoulder with trembling hands as he tried to comfort her.

"If we don't go, we won't get there!" said Fred, sharply.

"I want to get Jeremy there," Milton answered.

"Shove him in here; there's room for him, but there isn't for the old lady and that garden of flowers," said Fred.

Milton knew that in the small carriage there was no chance of all going, but he knew, too, the old soldier would never think for a moment of going without his wife, and she would not go without the flowers.

Milton climbed out. "Jeremy, you and your wife can ride with Fred, and the flowers will just fit in back," he said quietly. He picked up the basket, tying it behind the seat with the halter- rope.

Fred gagged and gasped. "Milt, are you crazy?" he exclaimed.

Milton shook his head. It was hard to give up all chance of seeing the Governor, and taking part in the good times; but he had decided.

The old soldier acted as if he failed to hear, and took his wife's arm, while he said over and over to her, "Bess, we're goin'! we're goin'!"

Carefully, Milton helped the wavering old soldier into the carriage, then his wife, and saw that they were comfortable. As he drew back out of the way of the wheels, Fred leaned over, and said, "You're one big chump, Milt, giving up the fun for these old folks—"

Jeremy, tickled as a boy could be with the thought of the trip, suddenly seemed to realize that Milton could not go, and he plucked Milton's arm. "Say, ain't you goin', Milt? Why, you can't, can you, if we go? Say—why—"

Milton laughed. "Jeremy, you stay in the carriage. I'm young; I'll see another Memorial day. Perhaps I'll walk in to-day— Go on, Fred!"

They were off.

Milton stood in the road and watched them. They made a large load for the carriage, and he smiled as he looked after them. But the smile went quickly as he remembered that he was ten miles from Lakewood and two miles from home; and he was alone. He thought of the music, the fun, and the Governor; and, some way, the day was not so bright as it had seemed.

He shook himself. "Come, Milt, this won't do; you're no grouch. It would have about killed Jeremy, if he had been forced to stay. And I won't give up; I'll tramp in, see the tail end of things, and borrow a ride back with a neighbor, if I can't crowd into Dad's wagon. All aboard! Hay-foot! straw-foot!"

He started down the road.

The dust was light and dry, and the country hilly, but he let neither dust nor hills stop him. He grew tired and often rested,

for he had worked hard in order to get ready to go to Lakewood, not expecting he was going to have the tramp that stretched before him. He had no intention of giving up, however; he was going to be in at the close of the celebration, even if it was a small end of it.

He had paused by a brook to drink when his quick ear caught the sound of a coming carriage, traveling fast. He saw a man drive up, who hailed him.

"Say, my boy, can you tell me which road will bring me to Lakewood the quickest?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Milton, promptly, "the one to the left."

"Where are you bound for?" asked the man.

Milton told him; the man looked a little amazed, and told Milton to climb in.

"I want to get there in time, so we'll hustle!" the man said, and away they went.

He asked Milton how he happened to be walking, and Milton told him. After that, they talked like old friends. Milton judged by the sort of duster he wore that he was the man whom his father said was agent for a machine company. Milton had seen the rig before when he had been working in the field. He knew the man would be anxious to reach Lakewood, and Milton was not surprised to see the way he drove.

They talked about many matters, school and work. Before the ride was over Milton felt that he knew his wayside friend very well; so he told him of his hope to see the Governor, saying that his father had said that the Governor was coming from the Capitol in his big car.

"That's just what he is," the agent said, smiling; "but the car is some distance back—"

"And the Governor, won't he get there, too?" asked Milton, forgetting in his excitement at the statement that he had interrupted the other.

"Yes, he'll get there. The Governor is somewhat like you. He gets to the place he starts out for."

Honk! Honk! sounded a great horn behind them.

"Here he comes!" Milton said, looking back.

The man halted the horse; the big car came up and stopped, to Milton's amazement. Then things began to happen. A tall man rose in the car, and looking at Milton's friend said: "Governor, I got the car fixed more quickly than I thought I would."

Milton was astonished once more. The man with whom he rode told him to come with him to the car, and there Milton was seated. He knew then, after listening to what was said, that it was the Governor who had picked him up; and that he, Milton Wells, was riding to Lakewood sitting beside the Governor of the State! It seemed that when the car broke down the Governor had been forced to borrow the carriage of the agent, so it was easy to see how Milton made the mistake.

The miles were covered swiftly; soon they were in the village; and Milton saw all along the crowded streets his wondering friends. Fred stood with his mouth open in his astonishment; the rest of the family looked startled, too.

But that was only the beginning, for the great Governor told him to bring Jeremy and his wife, Fred, and any one else he cared to, to the Grand Army Hall.

Milton did as the Governor suggested; and in doing it, he brought something to pass that made the day for him just run over with happiness.

As he introduced Jeremy, and the old soldier stood flushed with pride before the Governor, the Governor said slowly, as if recalling something, "Jeremy Lane—are you the Jeremy Lane who fought in the 61st Regiment?"

Jeremy nodded proudly.

"Why, man, I've heard my father, who was colonel of the Regiment, speak of your bravery at Gettysburg many a time! I am honored to shake your hand!"

Milton knew that Jeremy would consider that Memorial Day the greatest that ever was or ever would be.

America, the Beautiful.

O BEAUTIFUL, for spacious skies,

For amber waves of grain,

For purple mountain majesties

Above the fruited plain!

America! America!

God shed his grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,

Whose stern, impassioned stress,

A thoroughfare for freedom beat

Across the wilderness!

America! America!

God mend thine every flaw,

Confine thy soul in self-control,

Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale

Of liberating strife,

When valiantly for man's avail

Men lavished precious life!

America! America!

May God thy gold refine,

Till all success be nobleness,

And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream

That sees beyond the years

Thine alabaster cities gleam

Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!

God shed his grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

IN the course of one of his lecture-trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture to-night. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said, with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lecturers."

Watchman-Examiner.

Norman's Memorial Day
Story.

BY INA WRIGHT ORR.



IT was very trying and the twins could make nothing out of it; in fact, because they could make nothing out of it was why it was very trying. They had never known Norman Edholm to tell a lie, but they had heard distinctly his mother tell their mother that, as far as she knew, neither Norman's father nor herself had had any relative in the great Civil War.

Yet Sarah Ann had seen on Miss Brown's desk Norman's composition for next Friday, and it said: "THE PART A RELATIVE OF ONE OF OUR FAMILY TOOK IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR. A True Story."

Sarah Ann had missed four words in spelling, all on account of her worry over Norman's telling a lie. Having stayed after school to write them each ten times and having spelled them without looking, she fairly flew down to the gate where Hannah Jane was impatiently waiting.

"Did you tell Miss Brown?" cried Hannah Jane, as they hurried away.

"Did I tell Miss Brown?" Sarah Ann answered excitedly. "Well, I did tell her, and what do you think she said? She didn't say a thing! She just laughed!"

"She just laughed!" Hannah Jane repeated the words as if she were learning to talk.

"Yes, sir, she just laughed! Now what do you think of Miss Brown's laughing at Norman Edholm's telling a lie?"

"Well, I think we had better go right to Norman's mother!" answered Hannah Jane, virtuously.

Norman's mother was not at home; neither was Norman's father, his Aunt Belle, nor Norman himself; but Norman's grandmother was there, sunny and smiling as ever.

"Glad to see you, girls," she said heartily. "Sit down. I was just going to make some lemonade, and it is so much pleasanter to have some one to share it with."

The twins sat down and watched Norman's grandmother frisking about; for she was a very spry old lady if she was over seventy. They helped her drink the lemonade and it was delicious. They talked about school and about the exercises they were to have on Friday; but all the time, they said nothing about Norman's great, big lie! Finally, they said their good-byes quite prettily to Norman's grandmother and went down the walk. They passed the beautiful mountain ash and went out the gate.

"I kept waiting for you to say something about it," then said Sarah Ann.

"Why didn't you say something about it?"

"Why didn't you say something about it?" repeated Sarah Ann, provokingly.

"It was your place. I don't know anything about it anyway. Maybe he isn't going to tell a lie."

"Hannah Jane! Didn't I see with my own eyes on Miss Brown's desk Norman's composition for Friday? And didn't it say it was a true story? And didn't his mother say to our mother—"

"Well, I asked you why you didn't tell her then?" Hannah Jane broke in crossly.

When they reached home, they found it difficult to explain satisfactorily why they were so late. This made them still crosser with each other, till, finally, they were sent to bed in disgrace.

Sarah Ann scowled dreadfully at the darkness and said aloud, though there was no one to hear, "Norman Edholm can tell two dozen lies after this, if he wants to, and I shan't try to help him out!"

While Hannah Jane whispered in her tear-wet pillow, "I'll never meddle in anybody's lies again, never!"

Friday afternoon came at last, and there was quite a buzz of excitement when Miss Brown called on Norman; for, strangely enough, everybody seemed to know what Norman's mother had told the twins' mother, and that now they were going to hear a great, big lie! He stepped upon the platform and began to read:

"THE PART A RELATIVE OF ONE OF OUR FAMILY TOOK IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR. A True Story.

"My grandfather had a neighbor named John Williams, and John Williams went to the war. My grandfather couldn't go because he had rheumatism so bad my grandmother had to feed him. Mr. Williams had a dog named Queenie, and Queenie was very devoted to him; so after he had been gone to the war for many days, Queenie was missing. She had followed Mr. Williams to the war. He was just going out to a battle when Queenie arrived and she jumped around him so that he stumbled over her and fell down; and just as he fell down, a bullet whizzed past and killed the man behind him; and it would have killed him if Queenie hadn't have thrown him down. So, Queenie saved him for his country. She stayed with him and bore a charmed life and so did he; and when he went home, he took Queenie home, and after a while, she had a family, and her puppy, Spot, was given to my grandfather. So Spot became one of our family and Spot's mother was a relative of one of our family. This is the end."

Oh, how ashamed the twins did feel! When Miss Brown wrote their Friday afternoon quotation on the board, she didn't write anything about soldiers, but just these seven words: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

They all repeated it; they all rose and sang "America," then school was out, and the twins hurried away, trying not to hear what the others were shouting at them. After they had reached the turn of the road, they slackened their pace a little, but presently,

"Say, girls!" It was Norman's voice, friendly as though nothing had happened. "I've ten new rabbits to show you. My mother can telephone your mother and see if you can stop awhile. Grandma is most likely to give us something to eat, too."

Norman turned several cart wheels to show how good his intentions were, and the twins trotted humbly after him, almost happy again.

The Prince Who Loved Peace.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

After Mohammed founded the religion named after him, his successors carried the Moslem rule from Spain to India. Sweeping over the East, the new religion was carried into India with fire and sword, and the native Rajput kings were enslaved under Turkish rule. In the beginning of the fourteenth century a great Moslem king arose named Mohammed Tagh-lak.

He united all India under him, forming the greatest empire ever known in the land. But he was a cruel and bad king, and in spite of his great empire his life was a failure.

His cousin, Firoz Shah, was a noble young man whom Tagh-lak brought up as his own son. He saw how there was no peace in the empire, and that it was due to Tagh-lak's unwise cruelty.

"Unless the people have peace, my lord," he said to Tagh-lak, "your empire will fall apart. The Hindus do not like the Moslem rule, and you oppress them too much."

The Emperor only smiled, and paid no attention to the wise young prince. Firoz Shah found that his uncle would take no advice, so he withdrew from the splendid court at Delhi. His mother was a Rajput, and Firoz lived for a long time with the Rajput princes, who recognized his talents and who loved him in spite of the fact that he was a Moslem.

Finally the Emperor commanded him to return to Delhi. Revolt after revolt had broken out, and although Tagh-lak repressed them sternly, his cruelty had no effect.

"I am getting old," he said to the prince, "and have no sons. You, Firoz Shah, must prepare to take my place. You shall command the army and lead it against the rebellious princes."

But this the prince refused to do. He was not a general, and knew it; besides, he did not wish to make war on the Rajputs, who were only fighting for their liberty.

"I am no warrior, my lord," he replied quietly. "I will obey you in all things save in fighting. Your people are worn out with tumult; why do you not give them peace?"

But the old Emperor was furious against the rebels, and would not listen to such advice. Cruel as he was, he was a great man and had formed a great empire; he could not bear to see it torn apart. So when news of a fresh rebellion in Gujarat was borne to him, he summoned his chiefs.

"Gather the troops and elephants," he cried angrily. "You, Firoz Shah, shall go to Sind with me. If you are a coward, I will soon know it!"

But the young prince was no coward, although he refused to take arms against the noble-minded Hindus. So the old Emperor left Delhi, never to return, with the prince and his army.

Upon reaching the rebellious provinces, Tagh-lak quickly put down all the opposition and crushed the rebel forces. The leader of the enemy escaped, however, and the Emperor started after him. Firoz Shah he left with the main army in Sind.

Tagh-lak pursued the fleeing rebels down toward the mouth of the Indus River, but on the way he fell ill with fever. Still full of great plans, he pressed on, and in March, 1351, he died there beside the river-banks, the greatest and worst ruler India had ever known.

(Continued on next page.)

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents.
In packages to schools, 40 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON.

From the Editor to You.

For dear Remembrance. Memorial Day tells us, by its name, that it is meant to help us keep in memory those who have given themselves for our country in its hour of need. We may place flowers on the graves of the dead soldiers. We may also honor those aged men who are still with us, the fast-thinning ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic. When, on May 30, the flowers, the procession, the addresses, remind us of the soldiers, living and dead, may we think at the same time of the love that sacrifices and so blesses the world.

When we remember that love, we shall think of some of the world's heroes who were not soldiers. Lowell tells us that

"Life may be given in many ways,
Any loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field."

The thinkers, as well as the fighters, have given their lives that the world might be better for you and me. Savonarola was a great preacher of righteousness in Italy, at a time when the life of the Court and the city of Florence was very wicked. A great many people went to hear him, and tried to do what he told them was right. Partly because he preached against the wicked lives of the men who then governed the city, partly because of some of his mistaken ideas, they tried and condemned Savonarola, and burned his body in the great public square of the city. He died, but the people who had loved him kept his memory in their hearts and taught their children to remember and honor him. For more than four hundred and fifty years after his death on the 23d of May, 1498, flowers were found on the morning of that anniversary strewn over the pavement in the great square where he had died. They were put there by people who held in loving remembrance the life and death of the great reformer, just as we, on May 30, place flowers on the graves of our soldier dead.

The love that sacrifices was never more beautifully shown than in the death of Jesus. He kept his great purpose, even when danger threatened, and the anger of the rulers was aroused. He could not know what the end might be: but he dared all, and at last gave up his life. The world has not forgotten. They cherish his memory, though he was not a soldier, but rather the Prince of Peace. A beautiful service in the churches, known as the Communion service, is a memorial to his life and love.

All who have sacrificed their lives for others, or for what is right and true, have helped us to know that Divine Love which saves and blesses the world. Each one gives,

in his measure, as Jesus gave. We will hold the humblest one of them all in tender memory. Whoever he was, in whatever country he dwelt, he gave his life that others might have more abundant life. Even a Christ could do no more.

(Continued from preceding page.)

When the news was brought to the army, there was a wild uproar. The chiefs finally met together and the army agreed that they should choose a new emperor, whom they would place on the throne in Delhi.

"We will choose Firoz Shah," decided the leaders. "He is wise, he has been trained by Taghlaq, and his Rajput blood will make him beloved of the conquered peoples. He is a worthy man."

And this news was borne to the prince, who accepted the proffered honor willingly. Already he had laid his plans and had determined how he would administer the country, and the event showed that his methods were wise.

No sooner was he on the throne in Delhi than fresh revolts took place, many of the conquered provinces setting up as independent states. The chiefs urged the new Emperor to retake them and oppress them as Taghlaq had done.

"No," replied Firoz, determinedly. "Let them go. My empire is large enough without the Hindus, and I wish to shed no blood. The great and merciful God has taught me to seek for His mercy by showing mercy to all His people, and by inflicting torture and slavery upon none."

So the empire, although smaller, was still great, and gradually became peaceful and happy. No sooner had Taghlaq been buried, than Firoz Shah sought out all those who had been injured or robbed or oppressed by the old Emperor, and restored to them what had been taken from them. To the relatives of those whom Taghlaq had killed he made what reparation he could.

Each of those whom he thus indemnified had to sign a paper. This paper admitted that reparation had been received and that they forgave the former tyrant. When Firoz could find no more people to make reparation to, he collected all these papers of forgiveness and placed them in the tomb of the old Emperor.

"Let them lie here forever," he said, "in the hope that God will show like mercy and forgiveness to my old patron and friend."

It was a beautiful act and a high thought, worthy of a more enlightened ruler than this Moslem emperor of India. Under his peaceful and just rule the people were happy, and in all the thirty-seven years of his reign there was not a single rebellion. This is what the chronicler wrote on his death:

"Under Firoz all men, high and low, bound and free, lived happily and free from care. No village remained waste, no land uncultivated."

Is that not a great thing to be written on a king's tomb?

President Wilson's Refusal.

THE President was invited to speak at the commemoration of Perry's victory. But there was important business at Washington. So he said:

"I am kept away by the thought that no man can truly praise those who did their duty by neglecting his own."

World's Chronicle.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXVII.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 18, 1, 4, 4, is the act of a goat.
My 10, 11, 1, 6, 9, is a domestic utensil.
My 23, 1, 6, 21, is to lie hidden.
My 13, 12, 2, is to get away.
My 16, 17, 17, 3, 10, 24, 20, is a policeman.
My 5, 25, 10, is an answer to the affirmative.
My 15, 8, 25, is a food for cattle.
My 7, 14, 22, affords winter sports.
My whole is considered the most beautiful edifice on the Pacific Coast.

E. C. C.

ENIGMA LXVIII.

I am composed of 60 letters.
My 5, 4, 41, 31, 54, 1, is not fertile.
My 59, 12, 20, 2, 31, is bravery.
My 57, 8, 24, 50, 19, 41, 27, is what makes the alphabet.

My 46, 35, 21, 3, 7, 31, 13, 49, 14, 53, come in the winter.

My 10, 60, 43, 20, 29, 16, is a condition of the body.
My 47, 51, 31, 26, 34, 44, 42, 35, is to try to frightened.

My 18, 6, 22, 48, 37, is a turning-point.
My 11, 4, 55, 9, 15, is to have confidence.
My 40, 23, 35, 29, 28, 52, 57, is well bred.
My 56, 32, 33, 36, 57, 39, 27, 56, is without seeds.
My 25, 17, 40, 27, 30, 45, 4, 7, is a large barrel.
My 58, 38, is an exclamation.
My whole is found in the Bible.

G. T. S.

TABLE FURNISHINGS.

1. A brief sleep, and relations.
2. A sailor, and part of a house.
3. A gang, and the Latin for "and."
4. A tool, and a term of respect.
5. A dairy product, and a baseball player.
6. A letter of the alphabet, and a horse's gait.
7. One of the Argonauts.
8. The fruit of a tree, and its trunk.
9. A place of union or division.
10. A family inheritance.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

A CHARADE.

Hold fast my first for life's long span,
Hold fast my second in rough weather,
And hold my whole, for nothing can
So hold the world together.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LXIII.—Battle of Lexington and Concord.

ENIGMA LXIV.—The Country Week Society.

LETTER PUZZLE.—Reader, dearer, dare, are, ear.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.—1. Spain. 2. Italy. 3.

Germany. 4. India. 5. Siam. 6. Wales. 7. Norway.

8. Tunis. 9. Peru. 10. Arabia. 11. Greece.

12. Sweden. 13. Tripoli. 14. China. 15. Chili.

TWISTED NAMES OF MUSICIANS.—1. Mendelssohn.

2. Beethoven. 3. Handel. 4. Brahms. 5. Wagner.

6. Mozart. 7. Tschaikowsky. 8. Bach. 9. Paderewski. 10. Chopin. 11. Liszt. 12. Rubenstein.

13. Schubert. 14. Macdowell. 15. Grieg. 16. Schumann.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group X. Must be received before September 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."
2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.